

*June 4, Tuesday.* Last night at 2:36 a. m. the ship picked up its speed again of 11 knots per hour. The fog is still very dense and there are no signs of its lifting. The British Cruiser, *Donegal*, which is escorting us, has just reported engine trouble and has dropped behind us. Fog lifted at 1 p. m., and none balance of day. All ships present but one. The cruiser came up abreast our ship at 5 p. m. Passed Swedish ship about 5:45 p. m. bound west. We are now beyond the banks and headed almost directly for coast of Ireland. The lifting of the fog and the sunshine have had a wonderful effect upon the men, making them more like themselves once more. The full three days of fog have been very depressing. We are enforcing to fullest extent the order regarding lights on board. I am getting used to the thought of submarines, but the thought is still with us. We pray for another night of rest and quiet. Good night, my dear ones.

*June 5, Wednesday.* For the first time in five days the day opened with warm, cheery sunshine and it is reflected in the action of the men. Cloudy at noon and some wind. Sea not very bad. Regular routine work today. At 7:30 p. m. had an unexpected signal to abandon ship. A gun fired from the cruiser lent reality to the call. Our men did fine, all were in position in less than three minutes. It will be two days before we get into the zone where we are apt to see a submarine at any time. Now we may see one any time, but we hope for the best. Am becoming very much accustomed to the life on the steamer and do not mind the motion of the boat very much. Another day has passed bringing me that much nearer to England and one day nearer the time to return to you, dear heart.

*June 6, 1918, Thursday.* Cloudy but no fog. Cold wind all day. We are now drawing close to the zone in which we may expect to meet submarines. Will we pass through safely? Passed one ship today. It was off on our horizon. This is the sixth night out. Good night, my Mazie and my boy.

*June 7, 1918, Friday, Transport Talhybius.* A chilly, rainy day, with some mist, which might well be called a fog, except that it does not envelop us as the other fog did. Passed a very comfortable night, notwithstanding the fact that I slept partially dressed. Beginning tomorrow, or Sunday, night we will not undress at night. At